

ARBASTO,

The Anatomie of Fortune.

Wherin is discovered by a pithie and pleasant

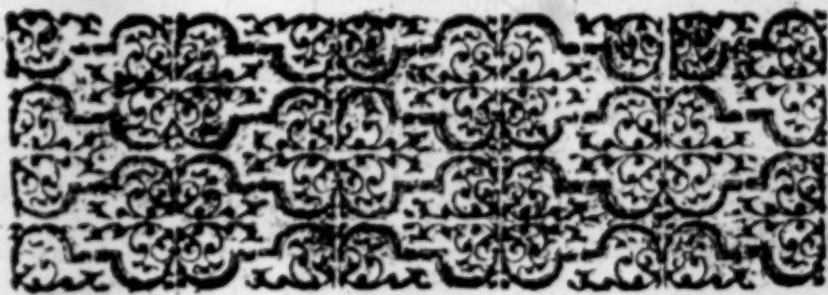
Discourse, that the highest state of prosperitie, is oftimes
the first step to mishap, and that to stay vpon
Fortunes lotte, is to treade on
brittle Glasse.

Wherin also Gentlemen may finde plea-

saunte conceytes to purge Melancholy, and
perfitte counsell to preuent
missfortune.

By Robert Greene Mayster
of Arte.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.



Imprinted at London, in Fleete-
streate, beneath the Conduite, at
the signe of S. Iohn Euangelist,
by H. Iackson.

1584.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE and vertuous Lady, the Ladye Mary Talbot, Wife to the Right

honorable Gilbert, Lorde Talbot. Robert

Greene wysheth increase of honor and vertue.

MYRON that vnskilfull Painter of Greece, neuer drew any picture, but the counterfaite of Iupiter: saying, that if it were ill wrought, his worthynesse should countenance out the meane of his worke, if well, commend the perfection of his arte.

In the like manner fareth it with me (right Honorable) who hauing vnskilfully shadowed wyth bad coullers, the counterfaite of Fortune, presume boldly to shrowd it vnder your Ladyships patronage, as able to defend it, be it neuer so meane, and to countenance it, were it neuer so good, being of Decius mynde, who thought himselfe safe vnder the shielde of Cæsar.

Pore Irus coming into the Temple of Pallas, seing her portrayed with a Speare in the one hand, and a Booke in the other, noting therby aswell her inwarde vertue, as her outwarde valor: saide, dispightfull pouertye thou shalt not yet keepe me from honoring Pallas, though from giuing her presentes.

So hearing of your Ladyships exquisite perfection, aswell in outwarde shape, as in vertuous qualities, drawne with a deepe desire to shew what a dutifull affection I owe to such noble and vertuous personages, although want fought to hinder my will, yet I thought rather to faulte in the defecte of abylytie, then not to shew in effecte the forwardnesse of my desire, which wishing to bring forth a Mountayne, hath scarcely afforded a Moulhil, & willing to shew your honor Alexanders Picture, is farre vnable to present you wyth Agrippas shadowes.

But I hope your Ladiship will deale wyth mee as Cæsar did with his younge Souldiers, who accepted of their seruice, not

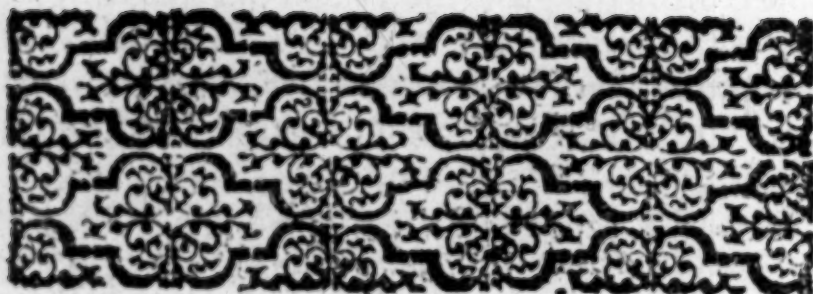
A.ij.

only

The Epistle

ty when they performed what they should, but when they practised what they coulde. Thus resting assured of your Ladyshippes curtesye, praying continually for the increase of your honor, with all things that you would wish or I imagine, I end,

Your Ladyshippes most dutifull
to commaunde Robert Greene,





To the Gentlemen Readers
health.

Alexander, whether wearied with Bucephalus
pace, or desirous of nouelties, as the nature
of man delighteth in change, rode on a tyme
on Ephestions Horse, for which being repre-
hended by one of his Captaines, he made him this an-
swere: Though all quoth he cannot haue Bucephalus
courage, yet this is a Horse. So Gentlemen, if some
to curious carpe at your courtesye, that vouchsafe to
take a view of this vnperfecte pamphlet, I hope you
will answere, though it be not excellent, yet it is a
booke: being herein of Augustus minde, who deman-
ded why he red Ennius and not Virgill, answered: why
quoth he is not Ennius also a Poet? Though none but
Apelles was famous for his arte, yet others were
counted Painters. All might not wash with Homer,
yet diuerse dipt their fingers in his Basen. I afford
not Gentlemen what I would, but what I can,
trusting so you will thinke of me, and accepte of my
worke. And in this hope I rest.

Yours to vse Robert
Greene.

Green 133
I

Arbasto, the Anatomie of
Fortune.

B. 40. e. 66

Spyling towards Candie, after that I had long time bene tossed with infortunate tempests, forced by wind and waue, our course not well guided by our compasse, happily arriued at the city of Sydon, where being set on shoare, I straight with my companions, went to offer incense to y^e goddesse of prosperitie, which the citizens call Astarte. Whither being come, my deuotion done, and my oblations offered vp, desirous to take a view of the ancient monuments of the Temple, I passed through many places, where moste sumptuous sepulchers were erected: which being scene, as I thought to haue gone to my lodging, I spied a Cel, hauing the doze open: whereinto as I entered, I saw an Archflamin sitting (as I supposed at his Dizons (for so was the priest of the goddesse termed) who being clothed in white satten robes, and crowned with a Diadem of perfect golde, leaned his heade vpon his right hand, pouring forth streames of watrish teares, as outward signes of some inward passions, and held in his left hand the counterfeite of fortune, with one foote troade on a polype fish, and with the other on a Camelion, as assured badges of hir certaine mutabilitie. Diuen into a dumpe wyth the sight of this strange deuise, as I long gazed at the vnacquainted gesture of this old flamin, willing to knolue both the cause of his care, and what the picture of Fortune did importe, I was so bolde as to waken him out of his passion, with this parlc.

Father (quoth I) if my presumption be great in preasing so rashly into so secrete & sacred a place: yet I hope weighing my will, you will somewhat excuse my boldnesse: for I haue not presumed as thinking to giue any iust occasion of offence

B.

fence

The Anatomie

fence, but as a stranger desirous to see the monuments of this ancient Temple, which as I narrowly viewed, happening by chance into this your Cell, and seeing your olde age perplexed with strange passions, staied as one willing to learne what disaster had bath ouerwhelmed you into these strange dumps, which if I without offence may request, you without pcedence grant, I shall shew my selfe by duty bound to requite your vnderferued curtesie.

After I had uttered these wordes, Iaping a good space to heare what the olde man woulde answere, seeing that he did not so much as vouchsafe to giue an eare to my parle, or an eye to my person, but still gazed on the picture of Fortune. As I was ready to course him from his harbor, wth a deeper blast, I saue a present metamoꝛphosis of his myrre: so from teares he fell to trifling, fro lowꝝyng to laughing, from mourning to myꝛth, yet neuer casting his eie from fortunes counterfeite, till at laste after he had long smiled (as I thought) at the Picture, he as in despight cast it from hym, and taking his Lute, plaied a dumpe, wherevnto he warbled out these wordes,

Whereat erewhile I wept, I laugh,
That which I feared I now despise:
My victor once, my vassall is
My fo constrainde, my weale supplie,
Thus doo I triumph on my fo,
I weepe at weale, I laugh at wo.

My care is cur'd, yet hath none ende,
Not that I want, but that I haue,
My chance was change, yet still I stay,
I would haue lesse, and yet I craue:
Ay me poore wretch that thus doe live,
Constrained to take, yet forst to giue.

shs

of Fortune.

3

*She whose delights are signes of Death,
Who when she smiles begins to lower,
Constant in this that still she change,
Hir sweetest giftes tyme proues but sower:
I liue in care, crest with hir guile,
Through hir I weepe, at hir I smile.*

The old fire hauing with sighes sobbed out this sorrowful dittie, I was driuen into a maze what the contrary contentes of these verses should meane, vntill at last casting his eie aside, and seeing me stand so solemnly, he burst forth into these chollericke termes.

Friend quoth he (if so I may terme thee) thou hast eyther not heard much, or learned very little, either thy curtesie is small, or thy conditions too currishe, that seekest to come to counsell before thou be called. If the secrecy of my Cel, or the reuerence of my age, or thy small acquaintance w me, were not sufficient to hold thee from preasing so nigh: yet seeing me thus solemnly perplexed, thou myghtest for (modestie sake) haue left me to my secret and sorrowfull passions. If it bee the custome of thy Country to be so discourteous, I like not the fruit of such a soyle: If thy owne recklesse folly to be thus rash, I craue not to be acquainted with such a bold guest: but whither it be, as thou camest in without my leaue, I wishe thee to go out by iust command.

He had no sower uttered these wordes, but he was ready to take vp the picture, if I had not hindered him with this reply.

So (quoth I) where the offence is confessed, there the fault is halfe pardoned, and those factes that are committed by ignorance, alwayes clayme them pardons by course: I graunte that I haue bene too rashe, but I repent,
B. 2. and

and therfore hope you will take the lesse offence, & the sone excuse my folly: faultes committed by will gayne oft times but a check, then mine done by ignorance, shall I hope escape without a mate. Penalties are enioyned by the will more than by the worke: and thinges done amisse, (saith Tullie) cuer ought to be measured by the intent, and not by y mere action: Which considered, if my presence hath bene preiudiciall to your passions, I hope you will thinke I offended as a stranger, and will pardon me, as one sozie for so rashe an enterprise.

The old man very attentively hearing my talke, hauing somewhat digested his choller, rising vp from his seate, made me this friendly answere,

Friend (quoth he) all is not gold that glisters: the smoothest talke hath oft times the smallest truth: the sunne when it glistreth most bright, then breedeth the greatest shoure: when the Boze layeth downe his bristles, then hee meaneth to strike. The Painter casteth the fairest colour ouer the foulest boord, and strangers flatterings are oft times but mere falacions: yet whether thy talke be truth or tales: whether thou comest to note my passions as a spie, or hast by chance hit into my cell as a stranger, I care not: for if thou enuie me as a foe I force thee not, in that I feare not the spight of fortune: if thou muse at my suddaine motions, as one desirous to be acquainted with my case, it shall little auaille thee to heare it, and be a great grieve for me to rehearse it.

O Sir (quoth I) if my credite might be such, as without desert to obtaine so much fauour: or if the praier of a poore stranger might preuaile to perswade you to vnfold the cause of these your suddaine passions, I shoulde thinke my former trauels counternaille with this your friendly curtesie.

It is good indeed (quoth he) by other mens harmes to learne to beware: Phœbus had neuer bene so swarie of Vulcane, if Mars his mishap had not bid him take heede: Vlysses had not so wisely eschued Circes charmes, if he had not seene befoze his fellowes transfozmed, and perhaps, the hearing of my former cares may free thee from ensuing calamitie.

I haue bene my selfe a Prince, which am now subiect vnto power: alate a mightie Potentate, and now constrained to liue vnder a seruite law: not contented erewhile with a princely pallace, now sufficiently satisfied with a poore Cell, and yet this present want exceeds my wonted weale. I then had too much in penurie, and now I lacke in superfluitie, being cloyed with abundance (yet hauing nothing) in that my mind remaineth satisfied. Fortune, yea fortune in fauoring me hath made me most infortunate. Hyrenlike hiding vnder musicke miserie, vnder pleasure payne, vnder mirth moorning, like the sugred honycombe, which while a man toucheth, he is stong with Was. She presenteth faire shapes, whiche proue but fading shadowes: she proffereth mountaines, and perhaps keepeth promise, but the gaines of those golden mines is losse and miserie. None roade on Scianus horse, which gote not mishap. None toucht the gold of Tholossa, whom some desaster chance did not assaile: neyther hath any bene aduanced by fortune, which in time hath not bene crossed with some haplesse calamitie. I speake this by experience, which I pray the gods thou neuer trie by proue: for he only is to be thought happie, whome the inconstant fauour of fortune hath not made happie. The picture whiche thou seest here, is the perfect counterfaite of hir inconstant conditions, for she like the Polipe fishe, turneth hirselle into the likenesse of euerie object, and with the Cameleon taketh hir whole delight in change, being sure in nothing but in this, that she is not sure. Which inconstancie after I had knowne by too much proue, I began to arme my selfe against hir guiles, and to cognt hir sawning flatterie and hir

frownes of no force, not to accept hir as a friend, but to despise hir as a foe, and in despite of hir fained deitie, to oppose my selfe against hir sickle power, which I haue founde the greatest shield to shrowde me from hir secret iniuries. I haue left my pallace, and taken me to a simple Cell, in the one I found often displeasure, but in the other neuer but contentation. From a Prince of the earth, I am become a Priest to the Gods, seeking only by this obscure life to please thee, and displease fortune: whose picture when I see, I wepe that I was so fond as to be subiect to such a seruile dame, and I laugh that at last I triumph both ouer mine owne affections, and ouer fortune. Thus friend, since thou hast heard the cause of my care, ceasse off to enquire farther in the case, passe from my Cell, and leaue me to my passions, for to procure my grieffe, and not thy gayne, were to offer me double losse. After he had vttered these wordes, perceyuing by his parlee that he was a mighty Prince, I began with more reuerence to excuse my rashnesse, framing my talke to this effect.

I Am sozie (quoth I) if sorrowe might be amends for that which is amisse, that my hastie follie hath offended your highnesse, and that my poore presence hath bene prejudiciall to your princely passions, but since the fault once committed may be repented, but not reclaymed, I hope youre highnesse will pardon my unwitting wilfulnesse, and take (had I wist) for an excuse of so suddaine an offence, whiche graunted, the desire I haue to heare of your strange hap, doe make me passe manners in being importunate with youre Maiestie, to heare the tragicall chance of this your strange change.

Well (quoth he) since thy desire is such, and time allowes me conuenient leysure, sit downe, and thou shalt heare what trust there is to be giuen to inconstant fortune.

Arbasto.

Arbasto.



Was (quoth he) vntill I wart wearie of my diademe, King of the famous Countrey of *Denmarke*, wherein, after *Bosphorus* deceased, for so was my father called, I raigned in happie prosperitie, comming to the Crowne at the age of one and twentie yeares, being so honoured of my subiectes for my vertue, and so loued for my curtesie, as I did not onely gaue the harts of mine owne Countreyemen, but also winne the good will of Strangers. I could not complayne of lacke, in that my greatest want was store. I feared not the force of forraigne foes, for I knewe none but were my faithfull friends. I doubted no misfortune, for I could see no way for me to mishap: nay, if I had bene wise, I might the more haue feared miserie, in that I was so fullie pampered vp with felicitie. But I poore wretch was not daunted with any dreade, because I sawe no present danger: I thought, the sea being calme, there could come no tempest: that from the cleere aire could ensue no storme, that quiet ease was not the mother of dissention, and that where fortune once tuned, in the strings could neuer be founde any discord.

But O fond and infortunate Arbasto, for so is my name, and therefore infortunate in that thou art Arbasto, thou now hast tried though by haplesse experience, that when *Nilus* filled vp his boundes, ensued a dearth: when the *Angelica* is laden with most seede, then hee dieth: when musicke was heard in the Capitoll, then the Romanes were plagued with pestilence: when *Circes* proffered most giftes, she pretended most guile, and that when fortune hath depriued thee of most care, then she meanes to drowne thee in the greatest calamitie: for as thus I safely floated in the Seas of securitie, and bathed in the streames of blisse,

fortune, thinking at length to giue me the mate, began thus to proffer the checke. I hauing but one only brother called Tebaldo, whome forced by nature, I most entirely loued and liked, who sojourning in *France*, as one desirous to see the maners of strange Countreys, and to furnish himselfe with all qualities fit for a worthy Gentleman, I unhappily receiued newes that he was cowardly without cause slaine in the French Court, which so appalled my senses, as nature most cruelly exclaimed against fortune, in so much, that scorched with the flame of speedie reuenge, contrarie to the counsaile of my Nobles, with a resolute mind, I determined to inuade *France*, and either to bring the whole realme to ruine, or else to hazard life and limme in the battell: well, no perswasion being able to driue me from this settled determination, I caused my ships to be rigged, and with as much speede as might be, sailed into *France* with a great nauie. where I had no sooner landed my soldiers, but as a professed foe crauing no other recompence for my brothers death but their destruction, I burned their borders, fired their fortres, rased their townes and cities to the earth, vsing no mercy, but in this, that hauing depriued them of their possessions, I also bereaued them of their liues. Pelorus hearing with what violence I had inuaded his lād (for so the french King was called) fearing y he was not able to withstand my force, seeing that fortune so fauored my enterprize, passed speedily with his whole host vnto Orleance, whither I hasted without any great resistance, laying valiantly a straight siege to the citie: whyche after I had diuers times assailed, & had so shaken the walles with Cannon shot, that they were forced to strengthen them with new counter mures. Pelorus halfe danted with my desperate attempts coneted secretly to conclude a peace: to colour therefore this his intent with a false shadowe, he speedily dispatched an Herald to intreate a truce for 3. moneths, which being unhappily granted, and therefore unhappilye because graunted it was lawfull for them of Denmarke peaceable to

to passe into the citle, and soz them of Orleance quietlie to come into our campe. While thus the truce continued, I being desirous to take a view of the french Court, accompanied with my Nobles, went to Pelorus, who willing to shewe his martiall courage by vsing curtesie to his so, gaue me verie sumptuous and friendly entertainment. But alas, such desaster hap ensued of this my sond desire, that death had bin thise moze welcome then such endlesse distresse. For Pelorus had onely two daughters, the eldest called Myrania, the yongest named Doralicia, so faire and well seatured, as Venus woulde haue bin iealous if Adonis had liued to see thei beauties. But especially louely Doralicia, and therfoze moze louely, because I so intirely loued, was so beautified with the gifts of nature, and so adoyned with moze then earthlie perfection, as she seemed to be framed by nature to blemishe nature, and that beautie had skipt beyond hir skil, in framing a peece of such curious wozkemanship, soz that which in hir (respecting hir other perfections) was of no pze, would be counted in others a pearle, hir greatest want would in others be thought a stoze, so that if any thing lacked in hir, it was not to be sought soz in any earthly creature. This Doralicia being appointed by vniust fortune to be the instrument of my fall, accompanied with hir sister Myrania and other Ladies, came into the chamber where hir father and I was in parle, whose gorgeous pzeence so appaled my senses, y I stood astonished, as if with Perseus shield I had bene made a senselesse picture, not knowing fro whence this subdaine & vncertaine passion should procede: yet this sond affection I felt to rule my fancy, y as the doymouse can not shut his eie as long as he lieth in the beame of y sun, as the Deare can not cease from baying where the herbe Poly groweth, so could not I but stare on the face of Doralicia as long as hir beautie was such an heavenly obiect. She narrowly marking my gazing lookes, straight perceyued that I was galled, and therfoze to shewe how lightly she accompted of my liking,

liking, passed out of the chamber with a coy and courtly countenance, but Myrania as one perceiuing and pitying my passions, seemed with hir lookes to say in heart, Arbasto fare well.

These two goddesses being gone, feeling my minde somewhat perplered, I tooke my leaue of Pelorus, and departed. Comming home to my tent, fraught with a thousand toyish fancies, I began to coniecture what should be the cause of these contrarie motions, the effects I felt, the occasion I could not finde, applying therefore a contrarie salve to my soze, it did rather increase, then cure the maladie, soz companie was a roza siue, not a comfort: thinking musicke should be a preseruatiue, I found it a poison: and to be solitarie, I found it the sinke of all sozrowe: soz then strange thoughts, vnaquainted passions, pinching fancies, waking visions, and slumbring watchings, disquieted my head. He thought I sawe the counterfaite of Doralicia befoze mine eyes, then the harmonie of hir speech sounded in mine eares, hir lookes, hir gestures, yea, all hir actions were particularly deciphered by a secret imagination. Wrapped thus in a labozynth of endlesse fancies, when reason could not suppress will, noz wisdom controule affection, but that wit (though inueagled) yet disdained the vse of a guide. I then cast my cardes, and found by manifest pzoofe, that the lunaticke fit which so distempered my bzaynes, was that franticke passion which soles and poets call loue, which knowne, blaming my selfe of cowardise, that beautie should make me bend, I fell at last into these termes.

Why Arbasto (quoth I) art thou so squemish that thou canst not see wine, but thou must surfet? canst thou not drawe nie the fire and warme thee, but thou must with Satyrus kisse it and burne thee? art thou so little mayster of thy affections, that if thou gaze on a picture, thou must with Pigmalion be passionate? canst thou not passe thorough Paphos,

phos, but thou must offer incense to Venus? doest thou
 thinke it iniurie to Cupid to looke if thou doest not loue.
 Ah, fond sole, knowe this, fire is to be vsed, but not to be
 handled: the Baaran flour is to be trozne in the hand, not
 in the mouth: the pretious stone Echites is to be
 wardly, not to be taken inwardlie: and beautie
 de the eie, not to fetter the heart: wilt thou
 the baite which thou knowest to be bane?
 hard at that which can not be had without
 stretch not too farre, wade not too deepe, vse
 beautie, but serue it not, shake the tree, but taste not of the
 fruite, leaue thou find it too hard to be digested. Why, but
 beautie is a God, and will be obeyed: loue looketh to com-
 maund, not to be conquered: Iuno stroue but once with
 Venus, and she was vanquished: Iupiter resisted Cupid,
 but he went by the worst: it is hard for thee with the Crab
 to swimme against the streame, or with the Salamander
 to strue against the fire, for in wastling with a freshe
 wounde, thou shalt but make the soze more dangerous.
 Can beautie fond sole bee resisted, which make the Gods
 to bowe? Loue himselfe yelded to the feature of Psyche,
 and thinkest thou thy fancie of greater force? yea but what
 fondnesse is this Arbalto to sooth thy selfe in thy folly. Thou
 didst come a Captaine, and wilt thou returne a captiue:
 thy intent was to conquere, not to be vanquished, to fighte
 with the launce, not to be foild with loue, to vse thy speare,
 not thy pen, to challenge Mars, not to dallie with Venus.
 How doest thou thinke to subdue *France*, which canst not
 rule thine owne affections? Art thou able to quaille a kings
 dome, which canst not quell thine owne minde? no, it
 will bee hard for thee to go in triumph, which art not
 so much as Lorde of thy selfe. But Arbalto if thou wilt
 needes loue, vse it as a toy to passe away the time,
 whyche thou mayest take vp at thy luste, and laie
 downe at thyne owne pleasure. Loue, why Arbalto

doest thou dreame, whome shouldest thou loue? Doralicia:
 what thy foe, one that wisheth thy mishap, and prayeth
 to the Gods for thy misfortune: no sure thou art not so
 fond.

And with that, as I uttered these wordes
 thoughtes, such sighes, such sobs, such teares as
 I was stricken downe with the extremitie
 passions, scarce being able to draine my
 space, till at last recovering my senses, I
 sorowd in this sort.

Oes alas Arbalto, it is the lucklesse loue of Doralicia,
 and therefore the more lucklesse, because thou lovest Dora-
 licia, that hath thus enchanted thy affections. She is not thy
 friend whome thou mayst hope to get, but thy foe, whome
 thou art sure not to gaine: for doest thou thinke she will re-
 quite thy merite with made, or repay thy loue with li-
 king? no, she hateth thee Arbalto, as sworn Pelorus foe
 and hir enemy. Can she loue thee which seeketh hir fathers
 life? nay, did she loue, yet could she thinke thou doest like,
 which layest seige to hir Citie? no, vnlesse by loue she were
 blinded with too much loue. Sith then to fancie thy foe, is
 with the Cockatrice to pecke against the Steele, subdue thy
 affections, be mayster of thy minde, vse will as thy sub-
 iect, not as thy soueraigne, so mayest thou triumph, and
 laugh at Cupide, saying: Fond boy I was in loue, what
 then?

I Had no sooner sealed by these secret meditations with a
 sorrowfull sigh, but least being solitarie I should fall
 into farther dumps, I went out of my tente to passe a-
 waie the tyme with some pleasant parle, thinking this the
 fittest meanes to drine awaie idle fancies, hoping that hote
 loue would be sone cold, that the greatest banin was but a
 blaze, and that the most violent storme was euer least per-
 manent.

Well,

Well, to see how loue and fortune can play false when they list, I was not so drowned in desires towards Dorallia, as poor Myrania burned with affection towards me. For Venus willing to shew she was a woman by her wilful contrarieties so fiered her fancies with the force of my feature, as the poor Ladie was perplexed with a thousand sundry passions, one while she sought with hate to rase out loue but that was with the deere to feed against the wind: another while she deuised which way to obtaine her desire: but then alas she heaped coales vpon her heade, for she sawe no sparke of hope to procure so good hap. Driven thus into sundry dumps she fell at last into these termes.

Alas Myrania (quoth she) happy yea thrice happy are those maides which are borne in the Ile Meroe, which in their virginity are suffered to see none but him to whom they shall marrye, and being wiues are forbidden by the lawe to see any man but their husband, vntill they be past fiftie. In this Countrey Myrania beautie is vsed as a naturall gift, not honored as a supernaturall god, and they loue only one, because loue cannot force them to like any other: so that they solve their loue in ioy, and reape it in pleasure. Woulde God thou hadst bene borne in this soile, or brought vp in the same sort, so shouldst thou haue triumphed ouer beautie as a slaue, which now leadeth thee as a seruile captiue.

Unfortunate Myrania and therefore unfortunate, because Myrania, hast thou so little force to withstande fancy, as at the first alarm thou muste yelde to affection? canst thou not looke with Salmacis but thou must loue? canst thou not see with Smylax but thou must sigh? canst thou not view Narcissus with Eccho but thou must be bowed to his beauty? Learne, learn fond soule by others mishaps to beware: for she that loueth in hast, oftentimes, nay alwaies repēteth at leisure. The Hipprians anoynting themselves with the fat of the fish Muga, passe through most furious flames without any peril

The people called Psilli, as long as they sacrifice vnto Vesta can be hurt with no venimous serpentes. Telephus as long as he wore y^e counterfeit of Pallas shield, was invulnerable, and thou as long as thy minde is fraught with the chaste thoughts of Diana, cast neuer be fired with the haples flame of Venus: arme thy selfe with reason, and thou maiest passe through Cytheria without danger: let thy will and wit be directed with aduised counsaile, and thou maiest saye: Cupid I desie thee.

Ah Myrania, things are sone promised, but not so easilye perfozmed: it is easie to sound the victorie, but passing hard to obtaine the conquest: all can say I would ouercome, but few or none retorne with triumph. Beautie is therefore to be obeyed, because it is beautie, and loue to be feared of men, because honoured of the Gods. Dare reason abide the brunt, when beautie bids the battell: can wisdom win the fielde, when loue is Captaine? No no, loue is without lawe, and therefore aboue all law, hdnored in heauen, feared in earth, and a very terroz to the infernall gosses.

Boiue then vnto that Myrania wher vnto lawlesse necessity doth bend: be not so fond as with Zerxes to bynd the Decean sea in fetters: fight not with y^e Rascians against y^e wind: seeke not with them of Scyrus to shote against the stars: contend not with Niobe against Latona, nor strine not with Sappho against Venus: for loue being a Lord, lookes to command by power, and to be obeyed of force.

Trueth Myrania, but what then, to loue is easy, & perhaps good, but to like wel is hard & a doubtful chance: fancy thy fill (fond soule) so thou bend not thy affectio to thy father so: so to loue him who seeks his life, is to war against nature & fortune. As there none wo: thy to be thy fere but Arbasto, y^e cursed enemy to thy country: can none win thy good will but y^e bloody wretch, who seeketh to breed thy fathers bane: can the eagle & the bird Oliphage build in one tree: wil the faulco & the dove couet to sit on one pearch: wil the Ape & the Beare be tied in one tedder: wil the fore & the Lambe ly in one den: no they want

want reason, & yet nature suffers them not to live against nature: wilt thou then be so wilful or witless as having reason to guide nature: yet to be more unnatural than unreasonable creatures? be sure if thou fall in this thou striveest against the gods, & in striving with them looke for a most sharp reuenge.

With I know this: but hath not loue set downe his sentence, & shal I appeale from his censure? shal I deny y^e whiche y^e destinies haue decreed? no, for though Cydippa rebelled for a time, yet she was forst at last to make suite to Venus for a pardon, & I may saie to hate Arbasto, but neuer finde where to begin to mislike him. And with that, such fiery passions oppressed hir, as she was faine to send forth scalding sighs somewhat to ease hir inflamed fancy, which being sorrowfully sobbed forth, she had begun afresh to poure forth hir pitiful complaints, if hir sister Doralice being accompanied with other gentlewomen had not driuen hir but of these dumps, whom she no sooner spied, but leauing hir passions, she beamed pleasant, conuering care with conceits, & a mourning hart to a merry countenance, least hir sorrowful looks might giue y^e company occasion to coniecture somewhat was amisse. But I alas whiche felt y^e furious flames of fancy to boile incessantly within my breast, could not so cunningly dissemble my passions, but all my Peeres saw I was perplexed: for whereas before this suddain chance, Pelorus misfortune procured my mirth, now the foile which I reaped by affectioⁿ, draue me to a deeper misery. In y^e day (to the encreasing of my care) I spent the time in solitary dumps, in the night affected thoughtes & visions suffered me scarce to slumber: for alas there is no greater enemy to the mind, than in loue to liue without hope, which doubt was the sum of my endles sorrow, y^e in seeing my self fettered, I could see no hope at all of my freedom: yet to mitigate my misery, I thought to walke from y^e camp toward the city, that I might at the least see my eie with the sight of y^e place wherein the mistresse of my hart was harbored, taking with me only for companie a Duke of my country called Egerio, vnto whom I durst best commit my secreete affaires, who noting my vnto accustomed passions, coniecturing the cause of my care by the

outwarde effectes, coueting carefully to apply a salue to my soze: and to driue me from such drowisie thoughtes, wakened me from my dumpes with this pleasant deuise .

So (quoth he) I haue often maruelled, and yet cānot cease to muse at the madnes of those men, whome the common people think to honour with the glorious title of louers, who whē rashly they purchase their own mishap in placing their affection, where either their disabilitie or the destinies deny successe to their suites, doe either passe their daies in endlesse dolor, or pzeuent misery by vntimely death. If these passionate patients listned as little to Venus allurements as I to Cupids flatteries, few men should haue cause to cal the gods vniust, or women cruell: for I thinke of loue as Mylciades the Atheniā did, who was wont to say, that of al the plagues wherewith the Gods did afflict mortall men, loue was the greatest, in that they sought that as an heauenly blisse which at last they found their fatall bane.

Hearing Egerio thus cunninglye and couertly to touche me at the quicke, thought to dally with hym in thys wise.

Why Egerio (quoth I) doest thou count it a madnes to loue, or dost thou thinke him rash which yeeldeth vnto affection: knowest thou not that loue is diuine, and therefore commandeth by power, and that he enioyneth by destinie & cannot be resisted. I am not of that mind with Mylciades that loue is a plague, but rather I thinke he is fauoured of y gods that is a happy louer.

Trueth (quoth he) but who is happy in loue? he that hath the happiest successe: no: for I count him most unhappy which in loue is most happy.

Why then Egerio (quoth I) thou thinkest him unhappy
in

in that he loueth.

D2 else may it please your highnes (quoth he) I should think amisse: for shall I count him fortunate whiche for one dram of prosperitie reapeeth a whole pound of miserie: or shall I esteeme that louer happy, whose greatest gaine is but golden griefe: nay that is neuer to be called pleasure, which is sauced with paine, nor that good lucke whose guerdon is losse.

Sith Egerio (quoth I) thou dost thus broadly blasphemie agaynst Cupide, tel me why thou thinkest ill of loue.

Because Sy2 (quoth he) it is lone, being such a frantick frenzie which so infecteth the mindes of men, as vnder y taste of Nectar, they are poysoned with the water of Styx: for as he which was charmed by Lara sought still to heare hy2 inchantment, or as the Deere after once he brouseth on the Tamariske tree, will not be driuen away till he dieth: so our amorous louers haue their senselesse senses so besotted wyth the power of this lasciuious God, that they counte not themselves happy but in their supposed unhappines, being at most ease in disquiet, at greatest rest when they are most troubled, seeking contentation in care, delight in misery, and hunting greedily after that whiche alwaies bringeth endlesse harme.

This is but your sentence Egerio (quoth I) but what reasons haue you to confirme your censure?

Suche (quoth he) as your highnes can neither mislike nor infringe: for the first step to loue is the losse of liberty, tying the minde to the will of hir who either too curious lyttle respecteth his suit, or too coy smally regardeth his seruice: yet he is so blinded with the vale of fond affection, y he counteth hir sullennes sobernes, hir vaine charmes vertuous chastitie if she be wanton he counteth hir wittie, if too familiar courteous, so besotted with the dzyngs of doting loue, that euery fault is a vertue, and though euery string be out of tune, yet the musicke cannot sound amisse: resembling Tamantus the

D.

painter

painter who shadowed the worst pictures with the freshest colours.

The paines that louers take for hunting after losse, if their mindes were not charmed with some secreete inchantment, were able either to keepe their fancies from being inflamed, or else to coole desire being already kindled: for the dayes are spent in thoughts, the nights in dreames, both in danger, either beguiling vs of that we had, or promising vs that we haue not. The heade fraught with fantasies, fiered with Zealositie, troubled with both: yea so many inconueniēces waite vpon loue as to reckon them all were infinite, and to taste but one of them intollerable, being alwaies begun with grief, continued with sorrow, and ended with death: for it is a paine shadowed with pleasure, and a ioy stuffed wyth misery: so that I conclude, that as none euer saue the altars of Basyris with sorrow, nor banqueted with Pholus wythout surfeiting: so as impossible it is to deale with Cupid, and not gaine either speedie death, or endlesse danger.

As I was ready to reply to Egerios reasons, drawing to a smal thicket of trees, which was hard adioyning to the citie, I spied where some of the french dames were friendelye sitting about a clere fountaine, of whom after I had take a narrow view, I easily perceiued they were 3. ladies (accompanied only with one page) namely Myrania, Doralice, & their nurse called madam Vecchia, whiche sudden sight so appalled my senses, as if I had bene appointed a newe Judge to the three goddesses in the valley of Ida: yet seeing before my eyes the mistresse of my thoughts, and the Saint vnto whome I did owe my deuotion, I began to take harte at grace, thinking that by this fit opportunity, loue and fortune began to fauour my enterpryse, willing therfore not to permit so good an occasion, I boldly paced to them, whome I saluted in this sort.

Faire Ladies (quoth I) the sight of your surpassing beauty so dazled my eyes, as at the first I was in doubt, whither

I should honour you as heavenly nymphes, or salute you as earthly creatures: but as I was in this dump, I readily called to minde the figure of your diuine faces, which hauing at my comming to your fathers court, by some secret influence most surely impzinted in my fancy, I haue hitherto without any spark of forgetfulnes perfectly reteined, feeling euer since in my hart such strange passions, and vnaccustomed deuotiō to your beautie and vertues, as I would think the gods and Fortune did fauoure me, if either I might find occasion to manifest my affection, or liue to doe you seruice.

DOralice hearing me thus strangely to salute hir, although she saue hir selfe in the handes of hir fathers foe: yet as no thing dismaide, with a coy countenance, she gaue me this crabbiſh answere.

She quoth she if at the first looke you tooke vs for nymphes by the perfection of our diuine beauty, it seemeth vnto vs that either your women in Denmarke are very fowle, or your sight soe blemisht since your coming into France: for we know our imperfections far vnwozthy of such dissembled praise. But Diomedes smiled most when he pretended greatest mischiefe: Scyron entertained his guesſes best, when he ment to intreat them woꝛst: Lycaon feasted Iupiter when he sought to betray him: the Hiena euer sauneth at hir pray: the Syrens sing when they meane to inchāt: Cyrce is most pleasant when she presenteth poison: and so you, in praising our beautie seeke to spill our blond: in extolling our perfection, to make vs moſte imperfect, in wishing openlye our weale, secretly to woꝛke our death and destruction. For your seruice you offer vs, we so much the moꝛe mislike it for his sake that makes the proffer: for we are not so inueigled with selfe loue, nor so sencelesse to conceiue, but that we think he little fauoreth the stems that cutteth downe the olde stocke, he little respecteth the twyg that tendereth not the roote, & he lightly lo-
D. 2. ueth

neeth the child, that deadly hateth the father. Polixena counted Achilles a flatterer, because he continued the siege against Troy. Cressid therefore forsooke Troilus, because he warred against the Grecians: & we cannot count him a prying friende which is our open fo.

Why Madam (quoth I) did not Tarpennia fauour Tatiuss though a first Rome? did not Sylla respect Minos though he besieged?

Trueth Syr (quoth Myranda) but the gaine they got was perpetuall shame. The one was slain by the Sabynes, & the other rejected by Minos. The young faunes cannot abide to looke on the Eldest: the H. ones are no sooner hatched, but they hate the Gage: Andromache would neuer trust the faire speeches of Pyrrus, nor Dido laugh when she sawe Hierbas smile: where the party is knowne for a professed fo, there suspicious hate ensueth of course, & sond were that person that would think wel of him that profereth poison though in a golden pot.

MAdam (quoth I) know it is hard where mistrust is harbored to infer belief or to procure credit where his truth is called in question: but I wish no better successe to happen to my selfe, than in hart I doe imagine to you al: swearing by the gods, that I doe honour your beauties & vertues so much, that if I had won the conquest, and you were my captiues, yet I would honour you as my souereigns, and obey you as a louing subiect.

But I pray God (quoth Madam Vechia) you haue neuer occasion to shewe vs such fauoure, nor we cause to stande to your curtesie: for I doubt we should find your glowing heate turned to a chill: & colde, and your great promises to small performance.

In the meane time (and with that she tooke Myranda and Dorahia by the hands) we will leaue you to returne to the campe

campe, and we will repaire to the citie, willing to giue you thanks for your good will, when we find you a friend, and not before.

Nay Madame (quoth I) not so, for construe of my meaning how you please, or accept of my companie how you list, I will not be so discourteous to leaue you so slenderlie guided, as in the gard of this little page. And with that, taking Doralice by the hand, willing not to let slip so fit opportunity, I began to court hir on this manner.

The choice is hard Madame Doralice (quoth I) where the partie is compelled either by silence to die with griefe, or by unfolding his mind, to liue with shame, yet so swete is the desire of life, and so bitter the passions of loue, that I am enforced to prefer an vnseemely suite before an vntimely death. Loth I am to speake, and in despaire I am to speede, in the one shewing my selfe a coward, in the other weying mine owne ease. For considering what loue is, I faint, and thinking how I am counted a foe, I feare. But sith where loue commandeth, there it is follic to resist, so it is (Madame) that intending to be victor, I am become a vassall, coming to conquer, I am caught a captiue, seeking to bring other into thral, alas I haue lost mine owne libertie: Your heavenly beautie hath brought me into bondage, your exquisite perfection hath shared my freedome, your vertuous qualities hath subdued my mind, as only your curtesie may free me from care, or your crueltie crosse me with calamitie. To recount the sorowes I haue sustained since I first was inueigled with thy beautie, or the seruice I haue vowed vnto thy vertue, since thou doest count my talke, though neuer so true, but mere foies, were rather to breede in thee an admiration then a beleefe. But this I added for the time, which the end shall trie for a truth, that so faithfull is my affection, and so loyall is my loue, that if thou take not pitie of my

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passions, eyther my life shall be too short, or my miserie too long.

DOralicia hearing attentiuely my talke, oftentimes changed colour, as one in great choller, being so inflamed with a melancholicke kinde of hate. as she was not of a long time able to biter one word, yet at last with a face full of furie, shee bu

Why Arballo (quoth she) art thou of late become franticke, or dost thou thinke me to be a franticke: hast thou bene bitten with the serpent Amphibena which procureth madnesse, or dost thou suppose me fraught with some lunnaticke fits, for thy speeche makes me thinke either thou art troubled with the one, or that thou counts me combzed with the other: if this thy poisoned parle were in iest, it was too broade, weying the case, if in earnest, too bad considering the person: for to talke of peace amidst the pikes, sheweth either a coward or a counterfaiete: and to sue for loue by hate, either frenzie or follie. It is a mad Ware Arballo that will bee caught with a taber, a greedie fishe that commeth to a bare hooke, a blind gosse that runneth to the fores sermon, and shee a louing soule that stoupeeth to hir enemies lure. No no, thinke me not so fond, or at least hope not to find me so foolish, as with Phryne to fancie Cecrops, with Harpalice to like Archemorus, with Scilla to loue Mynos, with carelesse Mynions so far to forget mine honoꝝ, mine honestie, my parents, & my countrie, as to loue, nay not deadly to hate him which is a foe to the least of these: for experience teacheth me, that the fairer the stone is in the Toades head, the more pestilent is the poison in hir bowels, the brighter the serpents scales be, the more infectious is hir breath, and the talke of an enemy, the more it is seasoned with delight, the more it sauoureth of despight, cease then to seake for loue, where thou shalt find nothing but hate, for assure thy selfe, if thou didst
fancie

fancie as faithfullie, as thou dost flatter falselie, yet the guerdon for thy loue shoulde bee onely thys, that I will pray incessantly to the Gods in thy life to pesture thee with earthly torments, and after death, to plague thee with helish tortures.

Although these bitter blasses of Doralicia had bene a sufficient cooling card to quench fond affection, yet as the cold water causeth the seacole to burne more freshly, so hir despitefull tearmes far more inflamed my desire, that I made hir this friendly replie.

Alas (Madame) weigh my case with equitie: if you hate me, as I am a foe to Pelorus, yet fauour me as I am a friend to Doralicia. If you loath mee as a conquerour of your Countrey, yet pitie me as I am a captiue to your beautie. If you vouchsafe not to listen to the lure of your enemy, yet heare the passionate plaintes of a perplered louer, who leading others in triumph, yet he himselfe liueth in most haplesse seruitude.

If I haue done amisse Doralicia, I will make amendes: if I haue committed a fault, I will both requite it and recompence it: as I haue bene thy fathers foe, so I will bee hys faithfull friend, as I haue sought his bale, so I will procure his blisse: yea, I will go against the haire in all things, so I may please thee in any thing.

But as I was about to make a longer discourse, she cut me off in this wise.

In faith Sir (quoth she) so well I doe like you, that you can not more displease mee, than in seeking to please mee: for if I knewe no other cause to hate thee, yet thys woulde suffice, that I can not but mislike thee: bee therefore my fathers friend or his foe, like him or hate him, yet this assure thy selfe, I will neuer loue thee. And with that shee slong

from me in a great chafe. Replie I could not : for by this we were come to the gates of the Citie, where (though vnwilling) I toke my leaue of them in this sort.

I Am sozie Ladies that such is my lucke, and so unhappie is my lot, that in offering my selfe a companion, I haue greatly offended you with my companie: yet since I can not strine against chance, I thinke my selfe happy that fortune hath honored me with the fauour of your presence, hoping when time shall trie my words no tales but truth, you will at least make me amends with crying *adieu*. In the meane while I commit you to the tuition of the Gods, praying fortune rather to plague me with all mishap, then to crosse you with any chip of mischance.

The thanks I had for this my friendly curtesie, was a coy disdainfull looke of Dorastilla, and a churlish vale of the old trot Vechia, but Myrania as one stung with the pricke of fancie bad me farewell, with a moze curteous cloze.

If sir (quoth she) the secret intent of your friendship had bene agreeable to the outward manner of your curtesie, we had without rubbing our memories ere this yelded you great thanks for your companie : but sith you greete vs with a Iudas kisse, we thinke we haue small cause to gratifie you for your kindnesse: notwithstanding, least you should accuse vs wholly of discourtesie, we say we thanke you, whatsoever we thinke, and with that, she cast on me such a louing looke, as she seemed to play loth to depart. Well, they now returning to the Court, and I now retyring to the campe, feeling my selfe deeply perplexed, yet as much as I could dissembled my passions, willing in loue not be counted a louer, being therfore with Egerio, I thus began to drawe him on.

How now Egerio (quoth I) hath not the beautie of these faire Ladies brought you from your fond heresie : will you

you not be content for blaspheming of loue, in penance to carrie a burning faggot before Cupid ? me thought your eyes were gazing, wheresoeuer your heart was gadding : but tell me in good troth, is not Doralicia woꝛthy to be loued ?

YEs sir (quoth he) if she were not Doralicia, for as she is beautifull, she is to be liked of all, but as she is Pelorus daughter, not to be desired of Arbasto, least in seeking to gaine hir loue, he getteth that which he least looketh for.

Why Egerio (quoth I) what ill lucke can ensue of loue, when I meane not to venture but vpon trust, noꝛ to trust without sufficient triall.

Such (quoth he) as happened to Achilles by Polixena, and yet he seared Priamus. But alas sir, I sigh to thinke, and I sorrow to see that reason should yeld to affection, libertie to loue, freedome to fancie, that Venus should beare the target, and Mars the distaffe : that Omphale shoulde handle the club, and Hercules the spindle : that Alexander should crouch, and Campaspe bee coy : that a warlike minde shoulde yelde to a little wauering beautie, and that a Prince whose prowesse could not be subdued, should by loue become subiect at the first shot.

What Egerio (quoth I) knowest thou not that hee whome no moꝛtall creature can controule, loue can commaunde : that no dignitie is able to resist Cupides deitie : Achilles was invulnerable, yet wounded by fancie : Hercules not to bee conquered of anie, yet quickly vanquished by affection : Mars able to resist Iupiter, but not to withstand beautie. Loue is not only kindled in the eie by desire, but ingrauen in the minde by destiny, which neyther reason can eschue, noꝛ wisdom expell.

C.

The

The more pitie (quoth he) for poore men, and the greater impietie in the Gods, that in giuing loue free libertie, they graunted him a lawlesse priuiledge. But since Cupid will be obeyed, and Arbasto is willing to be obedient, would God loue had either aimed amisse, or else had not made Doralicia the mart.

- **I** Not willing that Egerio should be priuie to my passions, told him that what I spoke was in jest, and that if euer I did fancie as yet I knew not what it meant: I would vse loue as the Persians did the Sunne, who in the morning hono-
 no; it as a God, and at noon he curse it as a Diuell. Con-
 cealing thus my care, the covered charges burst into greate
 flames, that comming to my tent, I was forced to cast my
 selfe vpon my bed, where I sobbed forth sorrowfully these
 words.

Alas Arbasto, how art thou perplexed, thou both liuest in ill hap, and louest without hope: thou burnest in desire, and art cooled with disdain: thou art bidden to the feast by loue, and art beaten with the spit by beauty. But what then, dost thou count it ease which thou sufferest for Doralicia, who shameth Venus for hir hue, and staineth Diana for hir chastitie. Yea but Arbasto, the more beautie she hath, & more pride, and the more vertue, the more precisenesse. None must play on Mercuries pipe, but Orpheus: none rule Lucifer but Phebus: none weare Venus in a tablet, but Alexander, ne; none enioy Doralicia, but such a one as farre exceedeth thee in person and parentage: thou seest she hath denied thy suite, disdained thy seruice, lightly respected thy loue, and finally regarded thy liking, only promising this, while she liues to be thy protested foe. And what then fond sole, wilt thou shrink for an Aprill shoure? knowest thou not that a deniall at the first is a graunt, and a gentle answer a flatter-
 ing floute: that the more they seeme at first to loath, the
 more

more they loue at the last. Is not Venus paynted catching at the ball with hir hands, which she seemeth to spurne at with hir foote? Doth not the Myre tree being helme, yeld no sap, which not moued, poureth forth syrop: and women being wooed, denie that whiche of themselves they most earnestlie desire.

The stone Sandastra is not so harde, but being heat in the fire, it may be wrought: no Iuorie so tough, but seasoned with Zutho, it may be ingrauen: no Hawke so haggard, which in time may not be called to the lure: no woman so wilfull, which by some meanes may not be won. Hope the best then and be bold, for loue and fortune careth not for cowardes.

Tully Arbasto, what needest thou pine thus in haplesse passions, or sake for that with sorrowe, which thou mayest obtayne with a small suite, raise but thy serge, graunt but conditions of peace, shewe but a friendly countenance to Pelorus, and he neither will nor dare denie thee his daughter Doralicia. Do this then Arbasto, nay I will do it, and that with speede, for now I agree to Tully that it is good, *Iniquissimam pacem iustissimo bello anteponere.*

Well, being resolved vpon this point, I felt my minde disburthened of a thousand cares, wherewith before I was clogged, feeding my selfe with the hope of that pleasure, which when I enioied, should recompence my former paine. But alas, poore Myrania could not feele one minute of suche ease, for she vncessantely turned the stone with Syfiphus, rolled on the wheele with Ixion, and filled the bottomlesse tubs with Belydes, in so much, that when she coulde find no meanes to mitigate hir mallady, she fell into these bitter complaints.

Ah Myrania, ah wretched wech Myrania, how art thou without reason, which sufferest, reason to yelde vnto appetite,

wisdom into sensuall will, and a free mind into seruile
 loue: but I perceyue, when the vine riseth, it wreatheth a-
 bout the Elme: when the hop groweth high, it hath neede
 of a poale, and when virgins war in yeares, they followe
 y^e which belongeth to their youth. Loue, loue, yea but they
 loue expecting some good hap, and I alas both loue, and liue
 without all hope, for Arbalto is my foe, and yet if he were
 my friend, he liketh not me, he loveth only Doralicia.
 With then Myrania thou art pained, and none to pittie
 thy passions, dissemble thy loue though it should cost a thy life:
 for better it were to die with grace, than liue with shame.
 The sponge is full of water, the leafe of y^e
 tree Alpyna though it bee winter, alwayes drie, and a
 wise louer, bee shee neuer so much tormented, behaueth
 hir selfe as though shee were not rought. Yea, but fire can
 not bee hidden in the flare without smoke, nor muske in
 the bosome without smell, nor loue in the best without
 suspition. Why then seeke some meanes to manifest thy
 loue to Arbalto, for as the stone Draconites can by no
 meanes bee polished, vnlesse the Lapidarie burne it, so
 thy mynde can by no medicine bee cured, vnlesse Arbalto
 ease it: alas Arbalto, swete Arbalto. And with that, she
 fetcht such a groning sigh, that one of hir maydes came
 into the chamber, who by hir presence putting hir from
 hir passions, sate so long by, till tyred with drowisie thoughts
 she fell in a slumber.

Fortune frowning thus vpon hir (as I supposed) and
 frowning vpon me, I set my foote on the sayrest sands, al-
 though at last I found them most fickle, thinking I must
 needes treade the measures right whē fortune piped y^e dance,
 but though I threwe at all, yet my chance was hard, for Pello-
 rus trifling for truce pretended treason, making a shew of
 feare, sought subtely how to ouerthrow me by deceit, say-
 ing, that in ruling of Empires there is required as great
 pollicy

pollicy as proſeſſe, in gouerning an eſtate cloſe cruelty doth moze good than open clemency : ſoꝛ the obtaining of a kingdome as well miſchiefe as mercie is to be practiſed: that better he had commit an inconuenience in breaking his othe, than ſuffer a miſchiefe by keeping his promiſe: ſetting down the ſtat therefoze on this ſecure periury thus it fell out.

After two oꝛ thre daies were paſſed, accompanied only wꝛth Egerio and a ſelwe of my guard, I went to Orleans, determining both to conclude a peace and to demande Doralicia in marriage: where no ſoner I arrived, and was entered into the gates of the city, but I found Pelorus and al his men in armes, which ſight ſo appalled my ſenſes, that I ſtoode as one tranſſozmed, fearing that whiche preſentlye I found true: ſoꝛ Pelorus hauing his foꝛce inflamed with furious choller, commanded his captaynes to lay hold on me, and to carry me to cloſe priſon. ſwearing that no leſſe than the loſſe of life ſhould mitigate his fury.

And raging in this choller, after he had lodged me vp in Lymbo, he went with all his armie to the campe, where finding my ſoldiers ſecure, as men little doubting of ſuch miſhap, he made ſuche a monſtrous and mercileſſe ſlaughter, as of fifty thouſand he left ſew aliue, thoſe which remayned he plagued with all kind of ſlauerye, returning home with this ſhamefull triumph, he commanded that in the middeſt of the Citie there ſhoulde be made a greate ſcaffold, wherevppon within ten daies I ſhoulde be executed: theſe heauy and hapleſſe newes being come to my eares, ſuch ſorrowful paſſions perplexed my mind, as after ſloods of bꝛynniſh teares, I burſt forth into theſe bitter termes:

O Infortunate Arbato (quoth I) and therfoze the moze infortunate becauſe Arbato, art thou not woꝛthy of thys miſhap, which wilfully ſought thy owne miſery? canſt thou accuſe the Gods, which didſt ſtrive againſt the Gods? canſt thou condemne Fortune, which haſt warred againſt nature

and Fortune : No no , in sufferiſg reaſon to yeelde vnto appetite , wiſedome vnto wyll , and wyt vnto affection, thou haſte procured thine owne death and thy Soldiers deſtruction. Loue, yea loue it is that hath procured thy loſſe, beautie that hath byed thy bale : fancye that hath giuen thee the ſoile , and thyne owne witteſſe wyll that hath wrought thy woe : the more is thy paine, and the leſſe thou art to be pittied: was there there none to like but Doralicia ? none to choſe but thy ſo ? none to loue but thy enemy ? O vile wretch fraught with careleſſe folly.

And with that as I was readye to exclaime againſte my curſed deſtiny, I hearde the priſon doze open, where I ſawe preſently to enter Myrania, Doralicia, and Madam Vecchia, who ſeeing me ſit in ſuch ſorrowfull dumpes, began to ſmile at my dolor, and to laugh at my miſhap , whiche wyllfull ye thruſt my ſelfe into ſuche miſerye, thinkyng therefoze to aggrauate my griefe by rubbing afreſh my ſoare, Doralice began to gall me on this ſort.

Hearing Arbalto (quoth ſhe) that you were come to proſecute your ſuite , playing the good captayne that ſo the firſt ſoile giueth not over the field, I thought good to giue you a ſmiling looke in recompence of your flatterynſg loue, leaſte if I ſhoulde not be ſo curteous to ſo kind a Gentleman , the world ſhoulde account me ingratefull.

The ſiſter (quoth Myrania) it ſeemes he is a paſſing amorous louer: but it is pittie he hath very ill lucke: he choſeth his chaſſer well, but yet is an unſkilfull chapman , ſoꝛ if he buy at ſuch an vnreaſonable rate, he is like (ſel how he cā) to liue by the loſſe.

The quoth Madame Vecchia) he playeth like the Dragon, who ſucking blond out of the Elephant, killeth him, and wyth the ſame poiſeneth hir ſelfe : ſo Arbalto ſeeking to
betray

betray others, is himselfe taken in the trap: a iust reward for
so vniust dealing and a fit reuenge for so rechlesse an enemy.

And yet (quoth Doralicia) his purpose hath taken small
place: for whatsoeuer his mind was, his malice hath wā-
sted might, wherein he resembleth the serpēt Porphirus, who
is full of poison, but being toothlesse hurteth none but him-
selfe. Surely whatsoeuer his chance be, he hath made a verie
good choice: for he preferreth swēte loue before bitter death, &
the hope of euerlasting fame before the feare of momentany
misfortune: he shall now for his constancie be canonized in
Denmark for a saint, & his subiects may boast and say, that
Arbaste our king died for loue.

EGerio seing that extremity of grief would not suffer me to
utter one word, not able any longer to abide these scrups
cross hir with this chollericke reply.

Gentlewoman (quoth he) although I so terme you, rather
to shewe mine owne curtesie, than to decypher your con-
ditions, it seemeth nature hath taught you very few maners
or nature afforded very small modesty, that seeing one in di-
stresse, you shoulde laugh at his dolor, and where the partie
is crossed with mishap, you should with bitter taunts increase
his misery: if he be your so he hath now the soile, he is taken
in the snare, his life hangeth in the ballance.

Though your father be without piety, yet in that you are
a woman be not without pitie. Hate him if you please as he
is your enemy, but despise him not as he is Arbaste, a kyng
and your haples louer: we are captiues not to a worthy con-
queror, but to a wretched caitsie: not vanquished by prowesse,
but by perurie, not by fight, but by falshood: who in our liues
to thy fathers losse won continuall fame, and by our death to
thy fathers discredite shall purchase vnto hym perpetuall in-
famy.

DOralicia not willing to suffer him waide any further, cut him short in this manner.

She (quoth she) if bzags could stand for paiment, I am sure you would not dy in any mans debt: but if your pꝛowesse had bene as good as your pꝛattle, you neede not haue danced within so short a tedder: crauin cocks crowe lowdest, fearful curs barke most, and a hartlesse coward hath alwaies more tongue than a haughty captaine. But I beare with you, for I doubt the feare of death and danger hath driuen thy maister into a colde palsey, and hath made thee either franticke, or lunaticke, the one shewing his melancholy, the other bewailing thy choller, willing therefore as a friende you shoulde passe ouer your passions with more patience, we will leaue you as we found you, vnlesse you meane to be shꝛiuen, and then I will send you a gostly father.

Our confession good mistresse (quoth Egerio) requires but a small shꝛift: for we haue very little to say, but that Arbusto repents that euer he loued such a peruerse minion, and I that euer I trusted such a periured traitour.

The gentlewoman toke this for a farewell, passing merily to the pallace, and leauing vs sitting sorrowfully in the prison, bewailing our mishap with teares, and exclaimyng against fortune with bitter curses, what our complayntes were, it little auaileth to rehearse: for it would but driue thee into dumpes, and redouble my dolor. Suffice this that we were so long tormented with care, that at last we were past cure, counting this our greatest calamity, that liuing, euerye houre we looked to die.

Well as thus we were dꝛowned in distresse: so poore Myrania had hir mind doubtfully perlered. Nature claymed by due to haue the preheminence, and loue sought by force to win the supꝛemacie. Nature brought in Pelorus aged
haires

haire to make the challenge, and lone presented Arbastoes
Sweete face to be the champion: tossed thus with two contra-
ry tempestes, at last she began thus to pleade with hir passi-
ons.

A thrice infortunate Myrania, what strange fits be these
that burne thee with heat, and yet thou shakest with cold:
thy bodye in a shivering sweate and in a flaming yce, mel-
ting like ware, & yet as hard as the Adamant: Is it loue: then
would it were death: for likelier it is thou shalt lose thy lyfe
than win thy loue.

Ah haplesse Arbasto, would to God thy vertues were lesse
than thy beautie, or my vertues greater than my affections:
so should I eyther quickly free my selfe from fancy, or be lesse
subiect vnto follie.

But alas I feele in my mynd fierce skirmishes betwix
reason and appetite, lone and wisdom, danger and desire,
the one perswade me to hate Arbasto as a foe, the other co-
straine me to loue him as a friende: If I consent to the firste
I ende my daies with death, if to the laste I shall leade
my life with infamy. What shall I then doe: Ah Myrania,
either swallow the iuyce of Mandrake, whiche may cast
thee into a deade sleepe, or chew the hearbe Carysum, which
may cause thee to hate every thing, so shalt thou eyther dye in
thy slumber, or mislike Arbasto by thy potion.

Thus the poore wench, what follies be these: wilt thou
wyth the Wolfe barke at the Moone, or wyth the young
Gryphons pecke agaynst the Starres: Doest thou thinke
to quench fire with a sword: or with affectiō to mortify lone.

No no, if thou bee wise, suffer not the grasse to bee cut
from vnder thy fete, stryke while the Iron is hot, make
thy market while the chaffer is set to sale.

Nowe Arbasto is thine owne, nowe thou mayest win
him by lone and weare hym by lawe: thou mayest free him
from misery without thy fathers mishap: thou maiest saue

his lyfe wythout thy fathers losse: thou mayest graunte thy good will vnto loue, and yet not falsifie thy saythe vnto nature.

Can Arbasto whyche is so curteous become so cruell? but he wyll requite thy loue with loyaltie, thy saythfull fancie wyth vnfained affection

No no: he wyll and muste loue thee of force, since thou haste granted him his life of freewil: he will like thee in thy youth, and honour thee in thine age: he wyll bee the port of prosperity wherein thou mayest reste, and the haue of happiness, wherein thou mayest harbour without harme: so that thou may say of him as Andromache said by Hector, *Tu Dominus, tu vir, tu mihi frater eris.*

Yea but Myrania yet looke besoze thou leap, and learn by other mens harms to beware. Ariadne loued Theseus, freed hym from the monstrous Mynotaure, taughte hym to passe the Laborynth, yea forsooke parentes and Countrey for his cause, and yet the guerdon he gaue hyr for hyr goodwill, was to leaue hyr a desolate wretche in a desert wildernesse.

Medea saued Iason from the danger of the Dragons, and yet she founde hym trothlesse: Phillis harborod Demiphon, and Dido Aeneas, yet both repaid their loue with hate: Truly the fairest flower hath not the best sent: the Lapidaries chosse not the stone by the outwarde coloure, but by the secreete vertue: Paris was faire, yet false: Thiestes was beautiful, but deceitfull; Vulcan was carued in white Iuory, yet a Smyth.

The pretious stones of Mansaulous Sepulcher coulde not make the deade carcasle swete. Beautie Mirania is not alwaies accompanied with vertue, honesty and constancy: but oftymes fraught with vice, and perjury. What then: if some were traitors shall Arbasto be trothlesse? if some were false shall he be faithlesse? no, his beautie and vertue hath won me, and he himselfe shall weare me: I wyll forsaake
father

father, friends and Country for his cause: yea I will venture
lim and life to free him from danger, in despight of frowards
Fortune and the destinies.

Myrania being thus resolute in hir opinion, began to cast
beyond the mone, and to frame a thousand deuises in hir
head to bring hir purpose to passe, fearing euery shadow, dou-
ting euery winde, stumbling at the least strawe, yet at y last
pricked forwarde by fancy, she thought to pzeuent all cause
of feare in this wise.

The euening befoze she ment to atchiue hir enterprize she
secretly sent for the Jailor by one of hir maids, to whom
she durst cominit hir secret affaires, who being taught by hir
mistresse to play hir part cunningly, brought the Jailor into
Myranias chamber by a posterne gate: so that they were nei-
ther seene nor suspected of any: where he no sooner came, but
he was curteously entertained of the young Ladie, who say-
ning that she had to debate with him of waighthy affaires, cal-
led him into hir closet, where treading vpon a false bozd, he
fel vp to the shoulders, not being able to helpe himselfe, but
that he there ended his life.

Myrania having desperately atchiued this deed, she straight
sought not to vob him of his coyne, but to bereaue him of hys
keyes, which after she had gotten, and conueied his carcasse
into a secret place, she went in hir night gowne, accompanied
only with hir maide to the prison,

Arbalto and Egerio hearing the dozes open at suche an
vnaccustomed houre, began straight to coniecture that Pelor-
rus ment to murder them secretly, leasse his owne people
shoulde accuse him of cruelty: but as they looked to haue sirne
the Jailor, they spied Myrania in hir night gowne: which so
daine and vnlooked for sight so appalled their senses, as they
were dzenen into a maze till Myrania wakened them from
their dumps with this sugred harmonie.

I perceiue Arbasto (quoth she) that my presence doth make thee to muse, and my sodaine arryual hath d2iuen thee into a maze what strange wind should land me in this coast: In troth thou maiest thinke either my message is great, or my modesty little, either that I take small care of my selfe, or repose very great trust in thee, who at a time vnfit for my calling, haue without any guarde come to a stranger a captiue: yea and my fathers fatal foe. I confesse it is a fault if I were not for thee: but since necessity hath no lawe. I thinke I haue the lesse b^{rought} the lawe. But to leaue off these needelesse preables, ^{that since thy first arrival at my fathers court,} this Arbasto, ^{thy beame to beareth with the beames} mine eyes ^{of thy beauties} ty, and my ^{thy beauties} thou only ^{like: seeing} the therfore owned here by aduerse fortune in most haples distresse, willing to manifest the loyalty of my loue in effect, which I haue protested in wordes: I haue rather chosen to hazard both my life and hono^r, than not to offer thee peace if thou wilt agree vnto the conditions. As my Father hath wroughte thy woe I wyll worke thy weale: as he hath sought thy bale, I wyll procure thy blysse: from penurie I wyll set thee in prosperity. I wil free thee from prison from danger, yea from death it selfe. I wyll in yeldyng to loue, dissent from nature to leaue my father, friends & Countrey, and passe with thee into Denmarke. And to cut off speeches, which might seeme to sauoure eyther of flattery or deceyte: as thou arte the firste vnto whome I haue bowed my loue, ^{be the laste,} be the laste, requiryng no meede for my meryt, ^{guerdon for my good will, but} guerdon for my good will, but ^{thy wife,} thy wife, and in pledge of my t^{rue} the keyes, and all other thynges prouyded ^{for thy passage} passage,

Myrania

MYrania had no sooner uttered these words, but my mind was so ravished, as I was driven into an extasie for joy, seeing that the terror of death was taken away with the hope of life, that from heaviness I should be restored to happiness, and from most carefull miserie, to most secure felicitie, I therefore framed hir this answer.

A Myrania, the purest emerauld shineth brightest when it hath no oyle, and truth delighteth when it is apparelled with. Flatter I will not, faithfull I must be, willed from the one by conscience, and driven to the other by your curtesie, whiche by how much the lesse I have merited it by desert, by so much the more I am bound to requite it by dutie. To decipher in coloured discourses, and to paint out with curi... shadowes, how humble I accept of your offer, and how greatly I thinke my selfe beholding to the Gods for blessing me with such a happie chance: what my loyalty and truth shall be, were but to proue that which your Ladyship hoping of my constancie hath not put in question. The guerdon you craue for your good will is such, that if your curtesie had not forced me to it by constraint, yet your beantie and vertues are so great, as fancie would have compelled me by consent. Myrania, what thou canst wish in a true and trustie lover, I promise to performe, swearing vnto thee, that the floods shall flowe against their streames, the earth shall mount against his course, yea, my carkasse shall be consumed vnto dust and ashes, before my mind shall be found disloyall, and to this I call the Gods to witnesse, of whome I desire no longer to liue, than I meane simple to loue.

O Arbalto (quoth she) would God I had neuer seene thee, or that I may finde thy workes according to thy words, otherwise shall I haue cause to wish I had bin more cruell, or lesse curteous. But loue will not let me doubt the

worst, but bids me hope the best : yet thus much I may say, when Iason was in danger, who more faithfull, when Theseus feared the laboꝝynth, who more loyall, when Demophon suffered shipwacke, who more true, I will not say what I thinke Arbalto, becauſe I ſuſpect I feare.

M Adame (quoth Egerio) Arb I both honoꝝ and feare him aigne, and but once in heart thinke to be de if he ſhould confound me with all earthlie p the Gods truſtie friend become his mortall ſould not of a

T Is eaſie to who alrea die is moſt herefoꝝ theſe needeleſſe prot delay bꝛædes danger; time neceſſitie is the beſt ſpurre, leſt out of France, leaſt if we be p, and your ſatall miſerie.

V Don this we ſtaied not, but ſhutting the priſon cloſe, gate couertly out of the Citie, paſſing through France with many fearefull perils, which to rehearſe, were cyther needeleſſe oꝝ booteleſſe: ſuffice this, we at laſt happily arrived at Denmarke, where how I was welcomied home with triumphs, were too long to relate. But how Pelorus was perplexed after he knew of our happie departure, though (God wot) moſt hapleſſe unto him, I referre to thy good conſideration to coniecture. The old father fretted not ſo faſt in his melancholie, but Doralicia chafed as much in hir choller, blaſpheming bitterly both againſt me & ania, but he wouls bꝛeake no bones, ſo we came to his dwelling, fearing not y no iſe of the peace a were without danger of ſhot. Well, leaſting the mps, to vs againe which ſlotted in delight. I ſchile fortune hauing now hoiled vs up to the top of hir inconfſtant wheele, ſeeing how careleſſe I ſlumbered in the cradle of ſecuritie, thought to

to make me a verie mirrour of hir mutabilitie, so she began afresh to turne my tippet in this wise.

As dayly I flattered Myrania, so fancie her I could not, promising with speede to call a parlement so the confirmation of the marriage, I still felt the stumps of the olde loue I bare to Doralicia to sticke in my stomacke, the more closely I couered the sparks, the more the flame burst forth, I found absence to increase affection, not to decrease fancie: in the day my mind doted of hir vertues, in the night I dreamed of hir beaultie: yea, Cupid began to encounter me with such fresh camizados, as by distance my distresse was farre more augmented, such sighes, such sobs, such thoughts, such paines and passions perplered me, as I felt this last assault worse than the former batterie. If I loued Doralicia in France, I now liked hir thrice better being in *Denmark*: If in presence hir person pleased me, now in absence hir perfection more contented me. To conclude, I sware to my selfe with a solemne sigh, Doralicia was, is, and shall be the mistress of my hart in despite of the froward destinies, yet amazed at mine owne follie, I began thus to muse with my selfe.

O foolish Arbasto, may rather thanleke fondling, haue thou lesse reason then vnrasonable creatures: the Wygre fleeth the traine, the Lyon eschueeth the nets, the Deere avoideth the coiles, because they are taken with these instruments, and art thou so mad, as hauing escaped the pikes, wilfully to thrust thy selfe into perill. The child being burnt, hateth the fire, but thou being an olde soule, wilt with the wyome Naphtia no sooner come out of the roales, but thou wilt leape into y flame. But alas what then? I see y measure of loue is to haue no meane, & the end to be everlasting: that to loue is allotted to all, but to be happie in loue incident to few: why, shall I be so mad to loue Doralicia, or so fraught with ingratfull periurie, as not to like Myrania, the one

bath crossed me with bitter giros, the other coursed me with swate glaunces : Doralicia bath rewarded me with disdain, Myrania intreated me with desire, the one hath saued my life, the other sought my death. O Arbalto, thou seest the best, but I feare like to follow the worst. Alas, I can not but loue Doralicia, what then? what resteth for me to do but to die with patience, seeing I can not liue with pleasure: yea Arbalto, die die rather with a secret scarre, than an open skorne, for thou mayst weltsue, but neuer shalt haue good successe. And yet Lyons satune when they are clawed: the most cruell Tygres stoupe when they are tickled: and women, though neuer so obstinate, yeld when they are courted. There is no pearle so hard, but bynagre breaketh: no dyamond so stonie, but bloud mollifieth, no hart so stiffe, but loue weakeneth: what though Doralicia sought thy death, perhaps now she repents, and will giue thee life: though at the first she cast thee a stone, she will now throwe thee an apple. Why then Arbalto assault hir once againe with a fresh charge, seeke to get that by letters, which thou couldst not gaine by talke, for one lie is of more force to perswade, then a months parle, for in writing, thou maist so set downe thy passions, and hir perfections, as she shall haue cause to thinke well of thee, and better of hir selfe, but yet so warily, as it shall be hard for hir to iudge whether thy loue be more faithfull, or hir beautie amiable. I hauing thus determined with my selfe, thought as couertly as I could to conceale my affaires, least eyther Myrania or Egerio should spie my halting, conueying therefore my affayres as cunningly as I coude. I minely sente an Embassadour to Pelorus, to in-
 tract betwene vs, and also to craue bys
 alicia in marriage, promising to send him My-
 rania in case of this consent, and withall, I framed a Letter
 to Doralicia to this effect.

Arbalto

Arbasto, to the fairest Doralicia,
health.

Such and so extreame are the passions of loue (Doralicia) that the more they are quenched by disdain, the greater flame is increased by desire, and the more they are galled with hate, the more they gape after loue, like to the stone Topazon, which being once kindled, burneth most vehemently in the water. I speake this (the greater is my græfe) by pꝛoue and experience, soꝛ hauing my hart scorched with the beames of thy beauty, and my mind inflamed with thy singular vertue, neither can thy bitter looks abate my loue, noꝛ thy extreame discourtesie diminish my affection. So Doralicia, I am not he that will leaue the sweete eglantine because it pꝛicks my finger, and refuse the gold in the fire because it burnt my hande, soꝛ the mind of a faithfull louer is neither to be daunted with despight, noꝛ afrighted with danger: but as the Loadestone, what wind soeuer doth blowe, turneth alwaies to the North, so the loue of Arbasto is euer more bent to the beauty and vertue of Doralicia, whatsoeuer misfortune hapneth. Yea, it fareth with me as with the herbe basill, the which the more it is crushed, the sooner it springeth, oꝛ the pure spice, which the more it is pouned, the sweeter it smelleth, oꝛ the camomill, which the more it is troden with the fete, the more it flourisheth: so in these extremities, beaten downe to the ground with disdain, yet my loue reacheth to the top of the house with hope. With then Doralicia, thy beautie hath made the soꝛe, let thy bountie apply the salve, as thy vertue hath caused my maladie, so let thy mercie giue the medicine: repay not my constancie with cruelty, requite not my loue with hate, and my desire with despight, least thou pꝛocure my speedie death and thy endlesse infamie. Thus hoping thou wilt haue some remorse of my passions, I attend thy finall sentence and my fatall destinie.

Thyne euer, though neuer thine, Arbasto.

G.

None

A sone as I had written my letter, I dispatcht the messenger as speedely and priuily as might be, who within the space of thre weekes arriued at *Orleance*, where deliuering his embassage to Pelorus, and my letter to Doralicia, he staied for an answere the space of ten daies, in which time, Pelorus consulting with his counsaile, was very willing to graunt me his daughter in marriage, but that by no meanes he could win the good will of Doralicia: seeing therefore no perswasions could preuaile, he dispatcht my messenger with a deniall, and Doralicia returned me this frowarde answer.

Doralicia to Arbasto.

W here didst thou learne fond scule, that being forbidden to be bolde, thou shouldst growe impudent, that willed to leaue off thy suite, yet thou shouldst be importunate: dost thou thinke with the spaniell by saluining when thou art beaten to make thy foe thy friend? no, let others daeme of thee what they list, I will still compt thee a curre. Dost thou thinke I will be drawne by thy counterfaite conceites, as the strawe by the iet, or as the gold by the minerall Chrysocolle? no, no, if thou seekest to obtaine fauour at my hands, thou dost strue to wyng water out of the Pumpe, and dost worke the meanes to increase thine owne shame and my seueritie: for as by instinct of nature there is a secrete hate betwene the vine and the cabish, betwene the bore and the good, and betwene the iron and y^e Theamides, so in my mind I feele a secret grudge betwene Arbasto and Doralicia: cease then to gape for that thou shalt neuer get, and take this both for a warning and an answer, that if thou prosecute thy suite, thou dost but persecute thy selfe, for I am neyther to be wooed with thy passions whilst thou liuest, nor to repent me of my rigour when thou art dead. For this I sweare, that I will neuer consent to loue him,
whose

whose sight (if I may so say with modestie) is moze bitter vnto me than death. Short I am though sharpe, for I loue not to flatter, take this therefore for thy fare well, that I liue to hate thee.

Willing after death if it could be
to be thy foe Doralicia.

After that the messenger was returned to *Denmarke*, and that I had receyued and read the letter, such sundrie thoughts assailed me, that I became almost franticke: feare, dispaire, grieve, hate, choller, wrath, desire of reuenge, and what not, so tormented my minde, that I fell to raging against the Gods, to rayling at Doralicia, and to cursing of all womankind, conceived suche an extream hate against hir, as before I loued hir not so hartelie, as now I loathed hir hatefully, counting my selfe an vngateful wretche towarde Myrania, and calling to minde hir beautie and vertue, hir bountie and curtesie, I fell moze deeply in loue with hir than euer with Doralicia, so that I could not spare one glaunce from gazing on hir person, nor drawe my mind from musing on hir perfection. A suddaine change, but alas a sorrowfull chance.

For Myrania seeing me souled in these sorrowfull dumps, began straight without casting any water, to coniecture my disease, and to shote at that which indeede she hit without any great aime. But as loue is most suspitious, so she began to doubt the worst, fearing that as yet the beautie of Doralicia was not blotted out of my minde, searching therefore narrowly what she coulde either heare or learne of my secretes, at last she founde out that which wrought hir small mishap, and my fatall miserie. For by lucke, lesse chance leauing the doze of my closet open, Myrania thinking to synde me at my muscs,umbled on the copie of the Letter whyche I sente to Doralicia, and

upon the answer which I receyued from that ruthlesse mi-
nion, which after she had read, perceyuing how trayterous
he I had requited hir loue with hate, she conueyed hir selfe
couertly into hir chamber, where, after she had almost dim-
med hir sight with floods of teares, and burst hir heart with
blowing sighes, she fell into these wofull complaints.

O Infortunate Myrania, O haplesse Myrania, yea, O
thyse accursed Myrania, whome fortune by spight see-
keth to soile, whome the destinies by fate are appointed to
plague, and whome the Gods by iustice will and must most
cruelly reuenge. Thou hast bene a parricide to thy father, in
seeking to destroy him by thy disobedience: thou art a tray-
tour to thy countrey, in sauing the enemye of the common
wealth, and thou art a foe to nature, in louing disloyall Ar-
balto: and can the Gods but plague these monstrous iniu-
ries: no no Myrania, thou hast deserued more mishap then ei-
ther fortune can or will affoord thee. Ah cruell and accursed
Arbalto, I see now that it fareth with thee as with the Pan-
ther, which hauing made one astonished with his faire sight,
seeketh to deuoure him with bloudy pursute, & with me worse
wench, as it doth with them that vie to the Basiliske, whose
e: as procure delight to the looker at the first glimpse, but death
at the second glaunce. Alas, was there none to like but thy
foe: none to loue but Arbalto? none to fancie but a periured
dame: none to match with but such a flattering mate: nowe
hath thy lawlesse loue gaind a most lucklesse end: now thou
triest by experience, that the free Alpyna is smooth to bee
touched, but bitter to bee tasted: that the fayrest Serpent
is most infectious, the finest colour soonest stayned, the
clearest glasse most brittle, and that louers, though they beare
a delicate shewe, yet they haue a deceiptfull substance: that
if they haue honie in theyr mouthes, yet they haue gall in
theyr hearts: the more is the pitie, in thee to trust without
triall, and the greater impietie in him to bee a traytour,
being

being so well trusted.

Is this the curtesie of Denmarke towarde friends, to intreat them so despightfully: is my good will not only reiected without cause, but also disdained without colour? Alas what shall I doe in this extremity, being a forlorne wretche in a forreine country: which way shall I turne me: of whom shall I seeke remedy? Pelorus will reiect me, and why should he not? Arbalto hath reiected me, and why should he: the one I haue offended with too much griefe, the other I haue serued with too great good will: y one is lost with loue, the other with hate: Pelorus, because I cared not for him: Arbalto, because I cared for him, but alas too much.

And with that she fetcht suche a sigh as witnessed a hartepained with most intollerable passions, yea care and griefe so fiercely and freshly assailed hir, as she fell into a feuer, refusing all sustenance, wishing and calling for nothing but death.

While she thus pined away with grief, I sought to search out hir sore, but I coulde not perceiue the cause of hir sorrow, only I did coniecture this, that she doubted my nobles would not consent to our marriage: to rid hir therefore of this care I presently called a Parliament, where without any greate controuersie it was concluded.

This newes being come to the eares of Myrania, it no whit decreased hir dolor, but did rather far the more augment hir distresse, which made Egerio to muse, and draue me into a great maze: so that accompanied with my nobles, I went to comfort hir, and to carry hir newes, that if she coulde but come into y chamber of presence, she should there be crowyed Quene. But alas when I came and saue hir so altered in one weeke, wasted to the hard bones, more like a gost than a liuing creature, I began thus to comfort hir.

A Myrania (quoth I) more loued of me than mine owne life, and more deere vnto me than my selfe, would God

I might be plagued wth al earthly diseases, so I might see thee free from distresse: how can Arbalto be without sorrow to see Myrania oppressed with sickness: how can he but sinke in calamitie to see hir but once toucht with care: alas unfold vnto me thy soze, & I will apply the salue, make me priuie to thy maladie and I will procure a medecine: If want of wealth wo^{ke}ke thy woe, thou hast the kingdome of Denmarke to dispose at thy pleasure: if absence from friends, thou hast suche a friend of thy louing spouse Arbalto, as death it selfe shall neuer dissolue our loue.

I Had no sooner vttered this worde, but Myrania as one possessed with some hellish furie, start vp in hir bed with staring lookes & wth wrathfull countenance, seeming by hy^r ragyng gestures to be in a frenzie: but being kept downe by hir Ladies, she roared out these hatefull curses.

O Wretched wretches (quoth she) will you not suffer me in my life to reuenge my selfe on that periured traitour Arbalto, yet shall you not deny me but after death my ghost shall torment him with gastly visions. O thrice accursed caitife, doest thou seeme to helpe me with thy scabbard and secretlye hurt me with thy sword: doest thou proffer me honie openly, and priuily present me with gall? doest thou say thou wilt cure me with loue, when thou seekest to kill me with hate: haue I redeemed thee from mishap, and wilt thou requite me wyth misery: was I the meanes to saue thy life, & wilt thou wythout cause procure my death: haue I forsaken my Countrey, betraied my father, yea sinned against the Gods and nature for thy sake, & yet wilt thou kill me with discourtesie. O haplesse Myrania, coulde not Medeas mishap haue made thee beware: coulde not Ariadnes ill lucke haue taught thee to take heed: could not Phillis misfortune haue feared thee from the like folly: but thou must like and loue a stragling stranger. Say me that repentance should euer come too late: for now I
 sigh

sigh and sorrow, but had I wist comes out of time: folly is sooner remembred than redressed, & time may be repented, but not recalled.

But I see it is a practice in men to haue as little care of their owne oathes, as of their Ladies honours, imitating Iupiter, who neuer kept oath he sware to Iuno: didst thou not false Arbalto protest with solemne bowes, when thy life did hang in the ballance, that thy loue to Myrania shoulde be alwaies loyall, and hast thou not since sent and sued secretly to win the good will of Doralice? didst thou not sweare to take me to thy mate, & hast thou not since sought to contract with hir a new match? thou didst promise to be true vnto me, but hast proued trusty vnto hir? what should I say, thou hast presented hir with pleasant drinckes, and poisoned me with bytter potions, the more is my penury, and the greater is thy periurie. But vile wretch, dost thou thinke this thy villanye shall be vnreuenged. So no Egerio: I hope the gods haue appointed thee to reuenge my iniuries, thou hast sworne it and I feare not but thou wilt perforce it. And that thou mayest knowe I exclaime not without cause, see here the Letters whiche haue passed betwene this false traitour & Doralice.

The sight of these Letters so galled my guilty conscience, as I stode as one astonished, not knowing what to doe: excuse my selfe I coulde not, confirme my loue I durst not, yet at last the water standing in mine eyes, clasping hir hand in mine, I was ready to craue pardon, if she had not preuented me with these iniurious speeches.

Clere thy selfe traiterous Arbalto thou canst not, perswade me thou shalt not, forgive thee I wit not, cease therefore to speake, for in none of these thou shalt speede. Egerio I saued thy life, then reuenge my death, & so content I dye, yet only discontent in this, that I cannot liue to hate Arbalto so long as I haue loued hym.

And with that, turning vpon his left side, with a gasping sighe she gaue vp the ghost: which sight dꝛaue me into suche a desperate mind, that if Egerio and the rest had not holden me I had sent my soule with his to the graue. But being carried by force to my bed, I lay so; certaine daies oppressed with suche sorrow, as if I had bene in a trance, cursing & accusing my self of ingratitude, of periury, and of most despightfull disloyalty. I lay perplexed with incessant passions

Well this heavy and haplesse newes beyug noysed in France, Pelorus taking the death of his daughter to harte, in short time died, leauing Doralice the only inheritor of his kingdome.

BUt yet see how Fortune framed vp this tragedie, who met to cast Doralice from most happy felicitie to most haplesse misery: for she seeing that no sinister chance could change my affection, that neyther the length of time, nor the distance of place, the spight of Fortune, the feare of death, nor by most cruell discourtesie coulde diminish my loue: musing I laye on this my inuiolable constancie, Cupid meaning to reuenge, seeing his now at discouert, dꝛew home to the head, and stroke him so deepe at the hart, as in despight of Vella she valed bonnet, and giuing a grone, sobbed forth secretly to his selfe these wordes: Alas I loue Arbassto and none but Arbassto.

Venus seeing that his boy had so well plaid the man, began to triumph ouer Doralicia, who now was in his dumps, striving as yet betwene loue and hate, till fancie set in by scote, and then she yelded vp the bulwark in these peaceable termes,

Why how now Doralicia (quoth she) dost thou become so doate? Is it folly or frenzie? melancholy or madnes, that driueth thee thus into dumps, and so strangely distressed thee with dolor, what fond thoughts? what vnacquainted passions: what vnbiding imaginatiōs are these which perplexeth thee?
doest

doe I thou now sale fire to spring out of the cold flint? heate to fry amidst the chilling frost? lone to come from hate, and desire from disdain? Doeſt thou fare as though thou hadſt bene drenched in the riuer Iellus in Phrigia? which at y first breedeth ſorrow through extreame colde, but ſortly with burneth the ſinewes through raging heate. Hath Venus now in deſpight of Veſta made thee vale bonnet? the moze (poore wench) is thy miſhap, and the worſe is thy fortune: ſo loue though neuer ſo ſweet, cannot yet be digeſted without a moſt ſharpe ſauce: ſaring like the golde that is neuer perfect till it hath paſt through the ſoynace,

Loue Doralice, but whome doſt thou loue? Arbaſto: what the man whome euen now thou didſt ſo deadely hate: haſte thou ſo little force ouer thy affections, as to fancy thy foe? ſo no ſond ſoule, Arbaſto is thy friend, and one that honoureth thee as a ſaint, and would ſerue thee as his ſouereigne, that loueth and liketh thee as much as thou canſt deſire, but moze than thou doeſt deſerue, who being bitterlye croſſed with diſcurteſſie, coulde neuer be touched of inconstancy: but ſtil remaineth like to Aristoſtes Quadratus, which howſoeuer it is turned, alwaies ſtandeth ſtedfaſt. Thou canſt not then of conſcience Doralice but repay his loue with liking, and his firme fancie with mutuall affection: he is beautifull to pleaſe thy eie, vertuous to content thy mind, rich to maintaine thine honour, of birth to counteruaile thy parentage, wiſe, curteous, & conſtant, and what wouldeſt thou haue moze?

Yea but alas I haue reiected his ſervice, & now he wyll not reſpect my ſute, I haue deſeſted him, and now he will deſpiſe me, I haue requited his good will with crueltye, and he wil reuenge me with contempt.

Better hadſt thou then conceale it with griefe, than reuele it to thy owne ſhame: ſo if thou alme at the white and miſſe y mark, thou ſhalt be pointed at of thoſe that hate thee, pittied of thoſe that loue thee, ſcorned of by him and talked of by all: ſuffer rather then (poore Doralice) death by ſilence, than

h.

deriſion

derision by reuealing thy secrets: for death cutteth of all care,
but derision breedeth endlesse calamitie .

Lush, doest thou thinke, Arballo can so harden his harte,
as to hate thee, so maister hys affections as to flie from fancy,
that he will become so proude as to refuse thy proffer. No if
thou sendest him but one line, it wil more charme him than
al Cyrres inchantments: if thou ledest but one friendly looke
it wil be more esteemed of him than life. Why, but Doralice?
And with that she sat stil as one in a trance, building castles
in the aire, hanging betwene feare and hope, trust and dis-
paire, doubt and assurance: to rid hir selfe therfore from these
dumppes, she tooke hir Lute, wherebyppon she played thys
dittie.

*I*N tyme we see that siluer drops
The craggy stones make soft:
The slowest snail in tyme, we see,
Doth creepe and clime aloft.

*W*ith feeble pusses the tallest pine
In tract of time doth fall:
The hardest hart in time doth yeelde
To Venus luring call.

*W*here chilling frost alate did nip,
There flasheth now a fire:
Where deepe disdain bred noisome hate,
There kindleth now desire.

*T*ime causeth hope to haue his hap,
What care in time not easde,
In time I leathd that now I loue,
In both content and pleasd.

Doralicia

Doralice hauing ended hir dittie, laide downe hir Lute, and betooke hir selfe to hir former passions, wherein she had not long plodded, but she determined to write vnto me with as much speede as myght be, framyng hir Letters to thys effect.

Doralicia to Arbasto
health,

WEighing with my selfe (Arbasto) that to be vniust, is to offer iniurie to the Gods, and that without cause to be cruell, is against all conscience: I haue thought good to make amendes for that which is amisse, and of a fained foe, to become thy faithful friend: for since the receit of thy letters, calling to minde the perfection of the body, and perfectnes of thy minde, thy beautie and vertue, thy curtesie and constancie, I haue bene so snared with fancie, and fettered with affection, as the Idea of thy person hath pinched me with most haples passions.

If I haue bene recklesse of thy goodwill I repent me, if ruthlesse through cruell speeches, I recant the, as one louing now that alate I lothed, and desiring that which euen now I despised: whiche as often as I call to minde, I can not but blush to my selfe for shame, and fall out with my selfe for anger.

But the purest Diamond is to be cut before it be tworne, the frankencense is to be burnt before it be smelt, & louers are to be tried before they be trusted, least, shining like y^e carbuncle, as though they had fire, yet being toucht, they proue passing cold, for the mind by trial once scowred of mistrust, becommeth more fit euer after for beliefe: so y^e Arbasto as I haue pined thee wth bitter pills, I wil now paper thee wth swete potions: as I haue galled thee with cruelty I wil heale thee with curtesie, yea if thy good nature can forget that inuolue my ill tongue doth repent, or thy moste c

for giue that my vnbrideled fury did commit, I will counter-uaile my former discourtesie with insuing constancie, I will be as ready after to take an iniurie, as I was to giue an offence, thou shalt find my loue and dutie such and so great, as either Doralice can performe, or Arbasto desire. And thus committing my life and my liuing into your hands, I attend thine answere, and rest more thine than hir owne.

Doralicia,

The messenger by whome she sent this message, making speede to performe his mistresse commande, arrived within fewe daies at Denmarke, where deliuering me the letter, I was greatly amazed at the sight thereof, musing what the contents should be, at last vnripping the scales, I perceued to what saint Doralice bent hir deuotion, but the shower came too late when the grasse was withered: yet I stood for a time astonished, houering betweene loue and hate. But at the last such loathsome misliking of hir former discourtesie so incensed my mind, that to despise hir, and to despight fortune, I returned hir speedily this hatefull answere.

To Doralice neyther health nor
good hap.

I Receiued thy letters Doralice, which no sooner I read with mine eie, but I threwe into the fire with my hand, least by biewing them I should grow into great furie, or by keeping them shewe thee any friendship. For we shun the place of pestilence for feare of infection: the eies of the Catherismes because of diseases: the sight of the cockatrice for feare of death: Cyrces drinke as dreadding charmes, and Syrens tunes doubting inchantments: shoulde I not then eschewe thy alluring baits, when thou hast galled me with the hooke: yes I will,
and

and must, least I be intrapped with thy subteltie, or intangled with thy sorcerie. Truly Dorallicia that once I loved thee I can not denie, that now being free I should fall to such follie I more than utterly refuse, for as before I liked thee in constant hope, so now I loath with hatefull contempt, comparing thy cursed nature to the herbe Basil, which both ingendzeth Serpents, and killeth them, so the shew of thy vertue inflamed me with loue, but the triall of thy vanitie hath quenched it with hate. Hate? yea, I more than hate thee, most cruell and ingratefull monster, whose beautie I hope was given thee of the Gods as well to procure thine owne miserie, as others mishap, which if I might liue to see, as Infortunio did by Eriphila, I would thinke I did leade my haplesse life to a most happie end. Thus thou seest how I accompt of thy loue, and accept of thy letters, esteeming the one as filthie chaffre, and the other as forged charmes, and saying to them both, that proffered seruice stinckes. Waste more wind I will not, to spend more time is most ill spent, therefore take this as a farewell, that if I heare of thy good hap, I liue displeased, if of thy misfortune, content, if of thy death, most sorrowfull, that the Gods did not giue thee manie daies and much distresse: so wishing thee what spight eyther fortune or the fates can affoord. Adieu.

Sworne thy foe to death,
Arbasso.

DOrallicia hauing receyued these letters, and read the contents, was so impatient in hir passions, that she fell into a phrenzie, hauing nothing in hir mouth but Arbasso, Arbasso, euer doubling this word with such pitifull cries and scriches, as would haue moued any but me to remourse: she continued not in this case long before she died. But I alas leading still a loathsome life, was more cruelly crossed by fortune, for Egerio conspiring with the peeres of my re in short time by ciuill

and kingdome, forced them to flee by mine owne subjects :
 after some trauell I arrived at this place, where considering
 with my selfe the fickle inconstancie of vniust fortune, I
 haue euer since liued content in this cell to despight fortune,
 one while sorrowing for the mishap of Myrania, and another
 while ioying at the miserie of Doralicia, but alwayes
 smiling, that by contemning fortune, I learne to
 leade hir in triumph. Thus thou hast heard
 why in meane estate I passe my daies
 content : rest therefore satisfied,
 that thus I haue liued, and
 thus I meane to die.



FINIS

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